

TO OUR IMMORTAL HOUR

SURELY the imagination of our people must have been stirred by two photographs we saw the other day, side by side in The Times! One showed men cleaning the grime of centuries from the walls of the Cloisters at Magdalen College; the other showed the nurses of Guy's Hospital growing kitchen supplies in the soil they have sprinkled on the hospital ruins.

Look on this picture and on that, the ancient pedagogue used to say; and well we may take his good counsel, for these pictures have something in them of the magic of Old England, the Mother of us all.

She has her crises; she has always had them; but she carries on. The dust of ages must come off her ancient walls, the devastated hospital must renew its strength, the wilderness must be made to blossom as the rose. Nothing must stop the life of the Island. She has lived dramatically and dangerously. She has not slumbered at her ease. If now it is life or death for our old land it is not the first time she has passed through the fires.

The Hard School

It is worth while to look quickly back and see the way she came. If today the freedom of mankind depends on her, if she has so far survived the fiercest battles of the powers of darkness, it is because she has been brought up in a hard school, and has learned the lesson that to survive destruction we must fight not only with the spirit that is ready to die but with the vision for which those who survive us must live. We must be strong in a great cause. Without vision the people perish.

LONG before the days of history there came to our Island the first people known to have reached it from Europe, the Celts, and with them they brought something that has never passed away. These fair-haired, blue-eyed people withstood the great invasion of the Romans and the ruthless barbarity of the Teutons, and though they were absorbed at last it took a thousand years to master them, and after another thousand years the soul of this great race is with us still.

When the Germanic tribes came from the shores of the Baltic and invaded the Island (the Jutes, the Angles, and the Saxons) they came as slaughtering pagans. The spirit of the Nazis was alive in the Germans then. It was the coarsest type of manhood known in Europe, delighting in fighting and drinking. It brought with it the vice of drinking that has never died out among us; this national blot on our fame is a German legacy. But the invaders found here the spirit of the brave and passionate Celtic race entrenched in the West, and it was this spirit that saved the Island from being no better than a German colony.

The Hallelujah Battle

In the story of our first thousand years is nothing more remarkable than the persistence of one beautiful and delicate strain struggling in the midst of savagery for a nobler life; it was the Celtic religion. First of all the people of the Island, the Celts accepted the good news from Galilee, and long before Augustine came to convert the English there was a flourishing church and a fervent faith among these people; the citadel of our spiritual heritage in those far days.

The news is all of battles: let us go back to a battle of long ago, when the pagan Saxons and the Picts of the North arrayed themselves against the Celts of the West. It was Easter Day in 429 and multitudes of Celtic British warriors were being baptised in the river. The bishops had given the word that on the appearance of the foe the cry of Hallelujah should be the sign; and it happened that the Picts and Saxons came through a gap and were startled to hear the cry of Hallelujah echoing in the hills. They flung away their weapons and fled; the first defeat of the Germans by the British.

Nazi Spirit Long Ago

Through all the pitiless years in which the invaders were burning and plundering, exterminating every trace of civilisation and Christianity they could find, driving people into their sacred buildings and burning them alive, making slaves of Britons, cutting off their hands, putting out their eyes, the brave Celtic race held its own and remained apart. It was nearly 200 years after the Hallelujah battle that Christianity had its chance to unite the Celts and Saxons, and it is curious in these days to read of the way in which it failed. It was something of the Nazi spirit that killed this great ideal.

AUGUSTINE had come to Kent some years before and found Queen Bertha worshipping in St Martin's Church; and after a while he sought to bring under his sway the Christians of the West, the Celts. They were not unwilling, but was this union that he offered them a union with the faith of Jesus or merely with the power of Rome? Was Augustine a truly humble follower of Our Lord? They decided to meet him and see, and they met by the Severn. A wise old hermit had suggested the test. If Augustine stood up to receive them, let them follow him; if he sat in his chair, let them know that he despised them. Augustine sat down as they came, and he lost the chance of uniting the Saxon and the Celt.

The Two Streams

Do we begin to see that through all the years of the building up of England's power there have been two streams of growth, the rise of material strength and forms of government, and the rise of the spirit which is greater than all? The invaders came plundering and slaughtering. They took King Edmund, tied him to a tree, scourged him with cords, riddled him with arrows, and then beheaded him; but before he died he had told them that they might destroy his frail body, but the freedom of his mind should never bow before them.

So, through generations of suffering and slaughter, the life of the Island went on, but the influence of the proud and independent Celts suffused it with a strain of something nobler, fairer, purer, gentler, the quality that ever since has made the English race so different from the German. If our institutions are Anglo-Saxon, our character is Anglo-Celtic; it is the Celtic strain of religion and poetry that has cemented our strength and made us what we are.

All through the years it has been going on, this interfusing of spirit and matter, of quality and power. We see it in Alfred, with his ships and his books. We see it in Bede, with his 600 scholars around him at Jarrow,

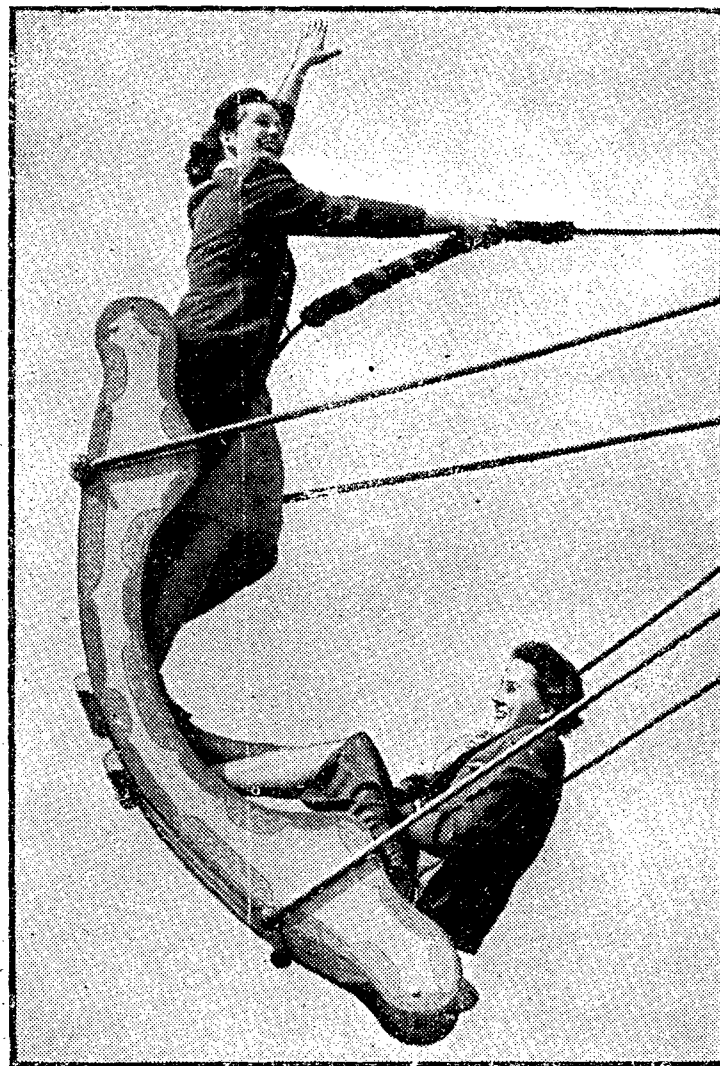
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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Holidays at Home—On a Swing at Enfield

The Rider on the White Horse

It was a fine Spring day in Washington long ago, but the mobs of people crowding the main streets were in no mood for admiring the cherry trees. They were thousands of angry men who had come to the Capitol to see the President and demand higher wages, or else . . .

The moment was desperate when a soldier on a white charger rode into the middle of the crowd and addressed them.

Men (he said) the President has ordered me to come and speak with you. I am told there are many old Service men here. It is to them I speak. In the name of your Commander-in-Chief, I order you to disperse.

The handsome figure on the white horse made his way back to the White House amid loud cheers. Every army man shouted himself hoarse, for there was nothing they would not do for their beloved Douglas MacArthur. A few words from him and the danger was over.

During the last war when General MacArthur was at an army camp in America, he heard that the men were grumbling

about food. According to U.S. Army regulations, an officer has to have at least one meal a day with his men, so the General decided he would see for himself.

Wearing the uniform of an ordinary soldier, he sat down unrecognised to dinner with the men. The soup put before him was most unpalatable, and so was the meat dish. "Bring me the officer in charge," the General ordered in a voice of authority, while the orderly stared at him and laughed. "Who do you think you are?" he said, imagining him to be a soldier trying to be funny; but the answer, "I'm General MacArthur," sent him scurrying for the officer. Both came back looking shamefaced.

"How long is it since you had a meal with your men?" the General asked the officer.

"Well, sir, some days," he stammered.

"An officer who doesn't take enough interest in his men to eat with them once a day isn't worthy of being an officer," was the reply, and the young man was relieved of his command.

Young Fighting France

AMONG the countless celebrations last month of the Fall of the Bastille, was one little event in London which had a special pathos of its own.

It was a quiet concert at which the mutual hostesses were a company of our own ATS and the French ATS now serving in London. Mme Mathieu, their chief, was there. We used to know her as a famous tennis champion; now we know her even better as a champion of freedom, far more true to the spirit of sportsmanship than our lost friend Borotra, who serves the Nazis and Laval.

The concert was very informal, too unimportant for notice in the Press, yet it had a very special importance. British soldiers were there, and took part in the programme; but high French officers were also there, and when the outstanding item on the programme was reached, the singing of The Marseillaise, the emotion of the French, from the general to the smallest volunteer, was moving to see.

Tense, white-lipped, tears rising to their eyes, they stood in rigid silence to honour their national hymn, the strains of which are so uncomfortable to Marshal Pétain and quite intolerable to the traitor Laval.

We who live here in freedom can well imagine what those wondrous words meant to the exiles, what they promised.

Children they were, many of these French girls now serving in the armies of General de Gaulle. Children in years, some of them 16 and 17, yet how far removed in experience from all that childhood should mean.

Among the charming young singers who appeared in Breton national costume and rendered

so sweetly the folk-songs of their lovely province, were girls who had escaped from Brittany to our welcoming shores in open boats, faring forth undaunted into the winds and waves of the Channel. Others had surmounted adventures just as harsh, only to leave their beloved land so long as it lay under the jackboot of the Nazi, and until they could help it to freedom once more.

These young girls have in many cases lost all that makes life worth living: parents and family, homes, possessions, the little piece of land they could call their own. They came to us with nothing but the dauntless spirit which sent them here, but what a priceless treasure it is they bring with them, these daughters of Fighting France!

THINGS SEEN

Thirty thousand people waiting for tickets at Blackpool Central Station.

A pigeon nibbling at a loaf on a doorstep in a Kent village.

A tradesman's horse walking up to a pig bin, lifting off the lid, and giving itself a meal.

PRECIOUS ACRES

THE National Trust goes from strength to strength, and its latest report, the third of the war, announces a record increase in its acreage.

During the last year it has acquired the freeholds of over 16,000 acres of beautiful property in England and Wales, and covenants over another 1700 acres, the most important being the 13,000-acre Wallington Estate in Northumberland given by Sir Charles Trevelyan, an area equal to all the land owned by the Trust in 1924. Some further idea of the Trust's progress is shown by a comparison of its current figures and those of 30 years ago.

In 1912 it owned 4500 acres and protected only two; today it owns over 79,000 acres and protects another 32,000.

So we see that the Trust, though essentially a charitable institution, is a very big land-owner, holding sway not only over wild stretches of some of the loveliest parts of our lovely countryside, but also over agricultural estates and woodlands, 480 cottages and over 100 farms, country houses great and small, and ancient monuments, historic and prehistoric. May its powers increase more and more, for the Trust is not only National—it is Rational.

Robin and the Toad

Mr Toad had evidently been keeping late hours doing a good job of work in the gardens (writes a friend of the CN). All through the night he had probably been policing the cabbage and lettuce beds in quest of slugs, caterpillars, and earwigs, and it was breakfast time when, escort and all, he slowly moved across my lawn to the hole in the wall.

It was Robin Redbreast who kept him company, and they looked a quaint little couple.

On and on went Mr Toad, panting and puffing, now and then doing a sort of hop in such a very tired kind of way while perky Robin, sprightly and wide awake, tripped and capered beside him. Maybe fat and puffy Mr Toad preferred to go home alone for he made brave attempts to get ahead, but Robin kept him near all the way, as if curious to see the belated and weary wanderer safe home.

Anyway, when Mr Toad had reached his retreat at last, and hopped inside, Robin lingered a moment to twitter farewell and then flew off on other business.

IMPUDENT NONSENSE

Complaints are often heard of the comparative illiteracy of a considerable part of the population, even after three quarters of a century of compulsory education. It is asked what kind of a system have we when so many, even young men and women, have apparently only the smatterings of knowledge, and when (this is rather a sad example of our present civilisation) after so many years of education the ancient impudent nonsense of astrology is again rearing its head, and, with the assistance of the popular Press, is commanding the attention and apparently the approval of millions.

Viscount Samuel in the House of Lords

Little News Reels

AN American regiment in Australia has adopted a kangaroo as a pet.

A new Norwegian submarine has been named the Unafraid.

The Nazis have put Quisling, the traitor of Norway, on a postage stamp.

EVEN umbrellas are to be rationed; they will have eight ribs instead of sixteen in future.

About half a million Indians (half the Indian population) have been removed from Burma as refugees: 400,000 by road, 70,000 by sea, and the rest by air; supplies were delivered to them by air at roadside camps.

In New Zealand all drink bars must close at six in the evening, and may not open before 10 in the morning.

About 17,000 blind people in this country are dependent on Braille books, the material for which is made from waste paper.

The Government is now paying nearly £140,000,000 a year to keep down the price of food.

A highly-placed American officer says 60 per cent of U.S. soldiers come from rural districts and are used to having top-notch machinery, but they had always believed that English farmers were years behind the times. They have had an eye-opener.

THE LCC is to open 200 schools as children's holiday clubs during the summer holidays; milk and meals will be served, and there will be games and concerts in the schools, and sports and other pastimes in local parks.

Is Your Envelope Really Necessary?

RECENT post office returns show that only one in every ten letters posted by the public is contained in a used envelope. Although a postal official has stated that in more recent weeks, for which figures are not yet available, a marked improvement has been noticed, it is still obvious that even now the public does not appreciate the urgency of the need to make every scrap of paper do as much duty as possible before it goes for salvage.

The number of envelopes now allowed to be made is only 15 per cent of our pre-war supply, so that soon we shall all be compelled to get into the habit of sending out our letters without using new envelopes.

There is very rarely any excuse for using a new envelope, except for registered letters and letters being sent abroad and to Ireland. In fact, there is often no excuse for using an envelope at all. Letters occupying one side of the paper only can be sent with-

out an envelope of any sort, provided they meet with post office requirements when folded; that is, they must not be smaller than four inches by two-and-a-half. A little gum-paper to secure the folded edges is all that is required. A minute's experiment will show you that there are several ways of folding a letter so as to dispense with an envelope, even where there is only a small blank space available for writing the address.

It is often possible to use an old envelope without employing an economy label. If envelopes are carefully slit when opened, a little gum will seal them again. The old address can be scored out and the reverse side used.

The average economy label occupies less than half of the area required to make an envelope the size most commonly used. You save about 50 square inches of paper every time you use an economy label instead of one of these envelopes.

He has also calculated where the great telescopes should look in the sky to find it.

Scout and Guide News Reel

SCOUTS of the little village of St Ippolyts in Hertfordshire have collected 11 tons of waste paper.

A farming patrol formed by Shirley Scouts will give help to farmers and aged people; and Hungerford Scouts are to have a Harvest Camp lasting from August 8 until mid-September.

Sixteen-year-old Henry Lambert has been awarded the Scout Silver Cross for saving Joseph Mohan, aged 19, from drowning in a swiftly-flowing river.

A NEWLY-FORMED Scout Troop at Trentham in Staffordshire has received from the local Home Guard £13 10s, proceeds of a whist drive.

By giving an entertainment, Guides of the 1st Uddington Company (Leicestershire) raised £7 10s for the B-P Memorial Fund.

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getting together for them all the knowledge that was in the world. It had done its work when the next invasion came, with the Conqueror. The fire of the old Vikings was in him, yet it was not he who conquered us for all his stern cruelty, his high ambition; it was the Anglo-Celtic nation that absorbed all that was good in the Normans and went its way, threw off their kings, and set out on that adventure of freedom which is being completed now.

While our Norman kings were resisting Magna Carta, trying to tear it up, the inner spirit of our people was at work. Wycliffe was writing the first Bible in English, Chaucer was starting English Literature with the Canterbury Pilgrims; and soon came Caxton to print it all. There were ages of strife, of nobles playing shuttlecock with the Crown, of dictator kings and enslaved peoples, but the stream of spiritual power flowed on.

MEN were burned alive for believing in God, for reading the Bible, for preaching the beautiful message of the Sermon on the Mount; but, though Truth was on the scaffold and Wrong on the throne, it was the scaffold that swayed the future.

It is the men whose heads fell at the block who are the glory of our Tudor Age. The dynasties that tried to force events, to

shape our destiny, are swallowed up in the irresistible river of the English spirit that ran deep while Henry the Eighth slew his wives and his nobles, while Mary Tudor burned her subjects alive, while the great Elizabeth prepared the way for nobler days, while the Stuarts sought to restore Dictatorship, while corruption reigned in high quarters, until at last we reached the quieter centuries of reason and freedom and the dawn of the Industrial Age.

THROUGH all these testing times the English people and the English spirit have prevailed; in spite of tyranny and torture and persecution they have made themselves masters in their own land. Now they have come to the last great test of all, the final fight for the Liberation of Mankind from every kind of shackle that would bind it. They have made themselves free and they will free all other men. For two thousand years the soul of this nation has struggled to be free within the seas that guard us like a moat, and we shall not fail men now. We shall lead them on to the goal we have set before us, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The way is long and hard, but we march like Mr Valiant, undaunted and unafraid, with all the trumpets waiting to acclaim us in our immortal hour. Arthur Mee

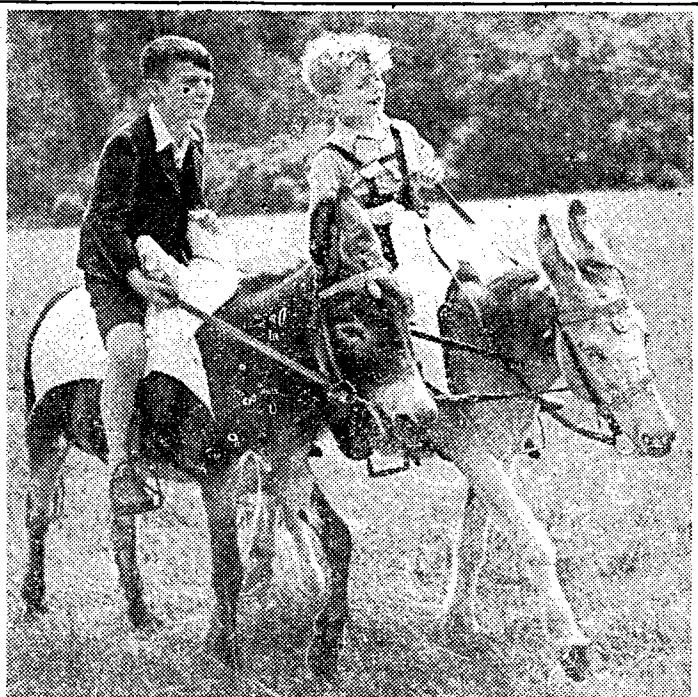
Another Planet to Look For

WHEN Halley's Comet visited us 32 years ago it was three days late, which does not seem a very long delay in a journey of millions of miles; but it set the astronomers wondering.

Dr Cowell and Dr A. C. M. Crommelin, who had calculated the time and place of its return, were well satisfied, and offered neither apology nor explanation. But Dr R. S. Robertson, of Mount Wilson, who has continued the computations, has now suggested a startling reason for the comet's unpunctuality. It was pulled

back by the attraction of an unknown planet beyond Pluto. Pluto itself was at first suspected, but Pluto, when Halley's Comet cut in on its path, was 3000 million miles away, and its powers would have been exerted in the opposite direction. So Dr Robertson calculated that the comet must have passed near to an unknown planet beyond Pluto, one which is thought to be about the size of the Earth.

He has also calculated where the great telescopes should look in the sky to find it.



Young refugees from Czecho-Slovakia enjoying donkey rides in London

A Pint of Milk

A pint of milk a day will keep the doctor away, according to Professor H. D. Kay, Director of Dairying Research; but he says the average for the whole country is now only two-fifths of a pint, which is not enough to raise our babies into an A 1 population.

To double that amount is the crying need, and for that we shall have to supply 140 million gallons a month to satisfy everyone—man, woman, and child. For that we must recruit more than a million more cows, bringing up the number to four and a half millions.

HIGH ALTITUDE MEN

Now that the American soldier is with us in body as well as in spirit the opportunity is offered to calculate for ourselves whether his average height is 5 feet 7½ inches, as in the last war, and his average weight eight pounds more than then.

Another calculation is suggested by one of their countrymen. It is that the healthiest, toughest, tallest recruits come from the high altitudes, like Colorado, where seven men out of ten have been found fit, and the least capable from the Southern States, where only three out of ten passed into the A class. He makes the further suggestion that the men should be graded according to their localities—mountainous, coastal, or central and agricultural—so as to find the best use for them.

What Everybody Needs

VERY great importance attaches to the Vitamin C content of a full and proper diet, and the Board of Education has taken the trouble to inform local education authorities that in the preparation of school meals this element should not be overlooked.

Vitamin C is found in fresh fruit and vegetables, and a diet which excludes them is a danger to health. In the old days, before the steamship, voyages were often so long that the seamen were deprived for months of fruit and greenstuffs, the lack of which cursed them with a

disease commonly known as scurvy. The absence of sufficient greenstuff this past winter has been a great trouble to the nation, and those who are preparing vegetable gardens should not forget the fact. Free leaflets can be obtained from the Ministry of Agriculture dealing specially with this important point; the address is the Ministry of Agriculture, St Annes-on-Sea.

When school meals are prepared and oranges are scarce, it is imperative to introduce raw vegetables, for salads contain Vitamin C in abundance.

WILLIAM CAREY

There are two lives of William Carey, the inspired cobbler of whom we were speaking the other day. Both are published by the Carey Press, and both are capital books, a big one and a small one.

The small one is Blue Peter, telling the story of Carey's English years, his boyhood with its dreams; and this is 2s 6d. The big one is the whole life of Carey by his great-grandson, Reverend S. Pearce Carey, and there is nothing known of the famous missionary which is not in this fine book, a book of a hero by a hero-worshipper.

After running through either of these books you will feel that William Carey was truly a fine English lad and a great Englishman, worthy of having the 150th anniversary of his inspiration celebrated by the raising of 150,000 guineas.

On Keeping Warm

BUSINESS men, engineers, and works managers attend weekly lessons and demonstrations at the Imperial College of Science with a view to bettering the system of warming factories and reducing fuel consumption. The advice given to these experts answers equally for the home, where coal fires serve for cooking food and warming water.

Cracked bricks and fireclay fire beds must be made sound to

Some People Will Believe Anything

IN a circle of grown-ups the other day conversation turned on the liability of certain types of people to error in dealing with opposing statements. The most glaring case, and the most terrible in its consequences, it was noted, is the acceptance by the German people of the obvious lies by which Hitler built up his power and was then permitted to make the war.

Such an astonishing example of mass-delusion, it was argued, could only be possible in a country such as Germany, where the people have always been disciplined and regimented like slaves, unaccustomed to think and act for themselves. But to this it was answered that gullibility is not confined to any nation, and the elder of the company recalled facts that would have seemed startling in the pages of a novel.

Last century the country was stirred by two trials, one in the

Civil Courts, the other in the Criminal Court, over the case of a Wapping butcher who, returning from Australia, claimed to be the missing heir to the great Tichborne estates. He could barely write, he knew little grammar, his knowledge was that of a street arab, yet he was as shrewd and cunning as a cozening cheap-jack, so that he gulled not only the dead heir's mother, but the family lawyer and the country squires and peasants of Hampshire, where the Tichborne estate lay, and divided the whole country, half for him and half against.

The first trial lasted 102 days and the second 133, so that the whole story, with its trickery, impudence, fraud, and forgery, was completely exposed. The prisoner was sentenced to 14 years' penal servitude.

Yet such was the excitement throughout the country that public feeling was raised to a

dangerous pitch, law and order were threatened, and thousands of ignorant people believed the fantastic story that the prosecution had been promoted by Jesuits!

"Now," said the wise man of this little company, "my father was one of the jury that found Arthur Orton guilty. Some time after the trial he was on a driving tour in a part of the country where Orton's peasant and country gentlemen support was very strong. My father put up at a hotel for lunch, and while he was lunching someone who had been in court during the trial recognised him.

"When he was ready to leave he ordered his horse and gig to be made ready, but it was found that the traces had been cut and he was a prisoner in the village—an act of revenge for the part he had played in securing justice on one of the greatest ruffians of the 19th century!"

The Australian is Different

WE are accustomed to think of the Australian as being simply a transplanted Briton, but a year's residence there has shown one of our correspondents that Australia has radical differences.

In England every county is a little country, and neighbouring counties are dissimilar. If we compare the miners of Durham and Northumberland with the peasants of Kent, the difference is so great that they might easily belong to different countries. When Northern miners were transferred to the Kent coalfields some years ago it was found that they did not associate with the countrymen who surrounded them. The Celts of the North, descendants of the old Gaels, are still more different, as are the Welsh and Irish. It is no wonder that one writer has described Britain as being composed of 40 million foreigners.

Australia, however, has blended these counties and countries. It has become impossible there to say who is of Welsh, Irish,

English, or Scottish descent—at any rate, among those whose families have been there for, say, 100 years. In three generations Australia seems to have formed a composite type almost as different from the average Briton (if such exists) as the American. Climatic influences, environment, different interests—plus, perhaps, some subtle racial change above and beyond these influences—have produced a new people, happy-go-lucky, a little irresponsible, athletic and brave, quick of hand and eye, and hard-working. In view of the hot climate it is singular to see an Australian, after a good day's work, pottering about in his garden, cleaning his car, helping with the family washing (servants are almost unobtainable), and doing odd jobs.

There is a shadow side to this, as there is very little intellectual work being done, and culture is at a low-ebb. Many travellers, for example, are astounded when they find that State lotteries exist in the Commonwealth.

Still, it is a young nation, vigorous, and with almost the lowest death rate in the world (about ten per thousand over the whole continent), and after this war the population may increase by leaps and bounds through immigration from Britain and Northern Europe. Advance, Australia!

THE COW AND THE CAN

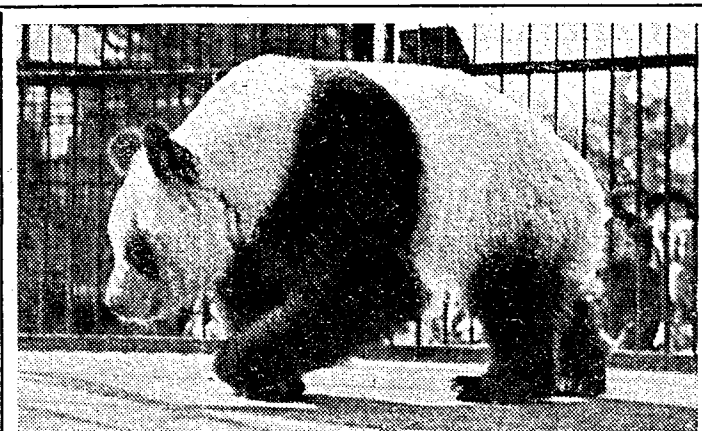
WE have been reading about American cows helping to tin their own milk. Someone has discovered that lactic acid, a product of milk, can be used as an excellent substitute for the tinned coating on food cans.

Spurred on by the need for saving other scarce materials, an American inventor is producing cloth from soya beans, bristleless brushes from plastics, and a host of other substitute products. No doubt some of these will be temporary and will not survive the war, but others may prove to be of permanent value.

HARD NUTS TO CRACK

With the shortage of coconut palm oil our United States allies are using their ingenuity in finding substitutes in the oil of the pea nut and the soya bean. But naturally they are turning also to the oil-bearing nuts of South America.

Here there is another difficulty. Nearly all these are hard nuts to crack, and crushing the hulls, or shells, smashes the kernels. The babassu and cohane nuts are rich in oil, and mechanical crackers are not beyond South American inventiveness, but for the time being the proprietors prefer to keep the industry at home. Hand cracking is painfully tedious, and no more than 180 nuts an hour can be got from it. But it will be unlike the Yankee mind not to find a cracker that will do the trick.



In Town Again

Ming, the Giant Panda, has returned to the London Zoo after spending two years at Whipsnade

DISCOVERY IN A COTTAGE GARDEN

A farm labourer at Staple in Kent was lately digging in the ruins of an old cottage, having been given permission to extend his garden. A lump of soil on his fork crumbled and revealed no fewer than 138 silver coins!

The East Kent coroner has held an inquest on this treasure trove, and has, with his jury, decided that the owner of the coins is unknown and that the finder reported promptly to the proper authority. This decision means that the farm labourer will receive the full market value of the coins.

The earliest coin is a James the First shilling, and the latest a Charles the Second half-crown.

Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle



Pilots of the Future

Boys of the ATC receiving instruction in engine maintenance during a visit to an RAF station

by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out.

Wonderful minute that heard those immortal words! Wonderful minute which lighted such a candle on the altar of England's domestic life!

Much may be settled in a minute, long centuries of happiness and freedom for millions of human beings.

Do you know that John Keats, whose name will live as long as Shakespeare's, or Caesar's, and who was only a frail little creature five feet and the fragment of an inch in height, was famous at school for nothing more than a love of fighting? He was a fiery little pugilist, and might have grown up to be a boxer or a jockey if there had not come a minute in his life when he found the magic of books.

When he was between fifteen and sixteen he took up a book and began to read. It enthralled him. From that minute he was seldom seen without a book in his hands. He used to eat his meals reading. Suppose the book had been a dull one? What a minute in the life of the world!

It is good to remember the historic minutes in the chronicle of human progress, but good also to remind ourselves of the epics never written, and the romances never told.

There is not one of us whose life has not been changed by some particular minute—a minute in which someone came to them, in which somebody passed by, in which they saw something which made a great impression on their minds, or they decided to do a thing they had never done before. In all our lives are these memorable minutes, the importance of which we may not understand till our life's end.

The Voice of Conscience

We look back and see that the decisive thing in our lives was just a minute! Well may we pause and wonder as these solemn minutes pass; and what use more sublime can we make of them than to spend them in silence, listening for the voice of our best companion, our Conscience?

There is a time to think, a time to decide, and a time to act; and we can best prepare ourselves for these great times, so that we can think wisely, decide truly, and act faithfully, by spending some minute of every day in communion with our conscience.

Those minutes of time spent in listening to the depths of our souls are not lost. They decide the memory we shall leave behind us on the Earth when we go into the Universe.

CARRY ON

He Will Come in the Morning

HE shall come to me in morning,
With the blackbird's sweetest cry,
O'er the flowering, perfumed hilltop
Where the children's treasures lie.
He will smile at me, My Master,
And, though war be close at hand,
He will lift me up beside Him,
Lead me to His own fair land.

Barbara Davenport

THE DUMB OX

THOMAS AQUINAS, when he went to school, was by nature addicted to silence, and was also somewhat more fat than the rest of his fellow-scholars, whereupon they usually called him the dumb ox; but his master having made experiment of his wit in some little disputations, and finding to what his silence tended, "This dumb ox (said he) will shortly set up such a loving that all the world will admire the sound of it."

From an old book

Green Thought in a Green Shade

WHAT wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head.
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Andrew Marvell

PRAYER OF THE FREE DUTCH

People in occupied Holland, secretly listening to their wireless, may hear this prayer every Sunday morning coming over the ether from Radio Orange, station of the Free Dutch:

PRAYING from the depths of our hearts, we implore Thee, O Lord, bestow Thy blessing upon our Queen. Shield her home from evil. With Thy spirit enlighten our lawful rulers.

Our Lord, deliver our entire kingdom from the hands of our oppressors. For all victims of their wicked violence we pour out our prayer before Thy face.

Gird with the weapons of faith and righteousness and courage all those who are fighting for freedom and justice.

We beseech Thee grant patience and perseverance until it pleases Thee to let the dawn of peace break over our territories, yea, over all the world.

SHAKESPEARE POKES FUN AT HIS COUNTRY

Twice Shakespeare avails himself of the right of every Englishman to make fun of his country, once in the gravedigger's scene in Hamlet and again in the humorous scene in The Tempest.

The unknown Hamlet appears at the grave of Ophelia and asks the gravedigger how long he has been making graves.

GRAVEDIGGER. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

HAMLET. How long is that since?

GRAVEDIGGER. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

HAMLET. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

GRAVEDIGGER. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

HAMLET. Why? 'GRAVEDIGGER. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

In The Tempest scene it is Trinculo who comes upon Caliban, his fearful form strangely disguised.

TRINCULO. What have we here, a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish! He smells like a fish, a very ancient and fish-like smell. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.

Three Little Things

A TRAVELLER on a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,

And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,

To breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heights of noon,

To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,

The bird sweet music bore:
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A LITTLE spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;

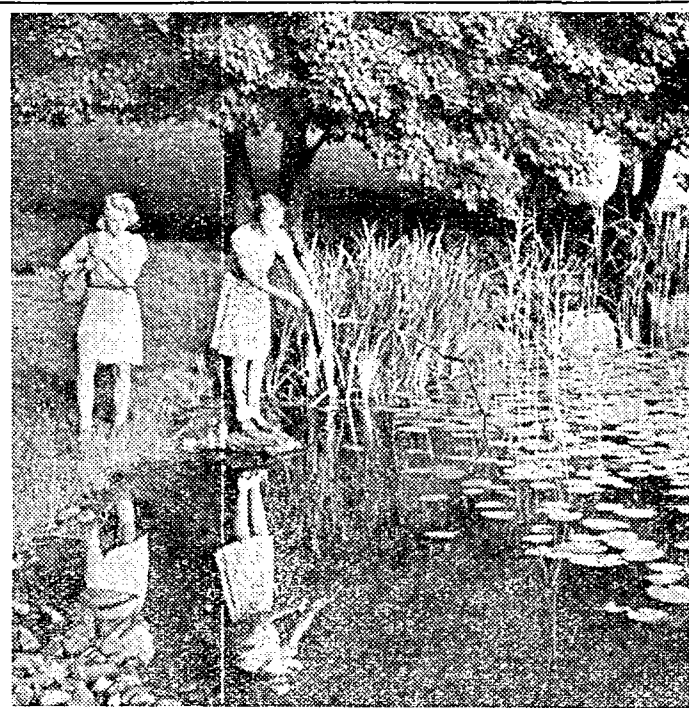
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary man might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle on the brink;

He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo, the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues
And saved a life beside.

A NAMELESS man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Charles Mackay



THE LILY POOL

This Beauty is Still Left in the World

WHEN Benno Moiseiwitsch, the famous pianist, came to the City the other day to play at one of the delightful lunch-time concerts which are giving joy to office-workers, there was a queue 200 yards long outside the Royal Exchange.

They say we are not a musical nation. But these concerts (organised by the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts) would hardly bear that out.

Nor would Mr. Moiseiwitsch say so. He told a friend of the C.N. earlier in the year that in the provinces, if one wished to be sure of a seat at any symphony concert it was necessary to book at least a fortnight ahead.

He was not speaking of his own concert-tours. This great musical son of the Ukraine, who has been here since he was a boy, is far too modest a man to say any such thing of himself. It is true that his own concerts are always crowded, but it is not only because he is a grand artist, but because of the magnificent gifts of his music which he is making to Mrs. Churchill's Aid for Russia Fund. What Moiseiwitsch meant was that any good concert is crowded today with eager audiences.

Take the concerts of the Royal Exchange. These are held in one of the side cloisters of that much unappreciated building; the other cloister is given up to the luncheon buffet. In the centre of the building, where there are tables for sandwiches and coffee, the walls are adorned by a delightful free art exhibition, comprised of a hundred pictures selected from the wartime acquisitions of the Tate Gallery.

Here, while you enjoy the beauties of these works, as perhaps some solace for not coming along soon enough to get a seat for the music, you may hear the strains and the applause which

greet every item presented. The outside of the Royal Exchange may be begrimed by a century of London weather and winter fogs, but within the lines of the graceful architecture are unmarred by mark or stain, and Sir William Tite, if he were alive, would be complimented indeed to hear the opinions expressed about his charming designs.

That praise comes not only from country visitors, but from Londoners who have never entered the building before, though they pass it by every day, as they pass by so many beautiful old London buildings, and alas, so many ruins of what once was lovely.

The concerts and pictures have lured them in, to find a scene which might be Venice or Verona or Padua or some other lovely Italian town. It is not likely that those who now discover the Royal Exchange will want to lose this charm after the war.

They will want to walk in the ambulatory. They will want to see more exhibitions of pictures as well as the permanent frescoes of Brangwyn, Leighton, and Wylie. They will be glad to hear the chimes once more, playing three times each day. And they will want their concerts too.

Strange, is it not, that nobody ever had the idea before, that it took the World War to bring our immortal music to our forgotten Royal Exchange?

P-C STARLING ON THE LAWN

NEVER did starlings better prove their worth as garden policemen than this summer.

It has been a bad year for leatherjackets, the larvae of the daddy-long-legs fly, and in gardens which have none of the field foes of this plague (such as pheasants, lapwings, gulls, and rooks) there has been only one bird-ally, the priceless starling.

Damage by grubs in the vegetable borders it was possible to lessen by repeated hoeing, but lawns suffered badly. The dry weather of protracted periods, while not severe enough to kill the larvae below the surface, served to harden the turf sufficiently to prevent penetration by bird-beaks, and day and night the leatherjackets gnawed away at the roots of the grass. Where the plague was thickest the grass turned brown, as if it had been burnt, and even a thunderstorm brought no relief, for the rain did not really soften the ground, and for long days hardly a starling was to be seen in many gardens.

At last came rain lasting a full night and a day, and after that some excellent showers. The ground lost its iron-like character, and back came the starlings in flocks. It was on the brown patches that they concentrated, and in one garden we know, "forty feeding as one," they set to work like miniature steam navvies. Each thrust of a starling's beak brought up a leatherjacket, which blackbirds and thrushes had failed to discover, and in a week the lawn was reviving and its green returning.

Wonders in the Vale of Avalon

KING ARTHUR'S Vale of Avalon is in the news.

Glastonbury, Isle of Avalon in the tales of Arthur's Knights, stands on the Brue, a Somerset river which has for ages spread its floods over the low-lying country round, and the C.N. has already mentioned that thousands of acres are being reclaimed. Now we learn that there has just begun operating the first of four great Diesel pumps, which are to carry away the river's flood-water through tide-gates to the sea.

Nine 45-ton drag-line excavators have been used to shift the earth in making drainage channels, each monster being capable of taking 2-ton mouthfuls at a time and depositing the earth perhaps 50 yards away. There were, too, six great "scrapers," drawn by 100 h.p. tractors, each of which moved 15 tons of soil at a time. The only way to operate these great machines in winter was to float them on rafts on the sticky soil.

In such swampy land the erection of a pumping station was something of a problem, but this has been overcome, and now it rests as firm as on a rock, built up on foundations consisting of numerous 70-foot concrete piles. This is rather like history repeating itself for in the distant past the Celtic lake-dwellers of this region built their homes in the waters on piles of logs, brushwood, or stones. They could do nothing with the water, however. Today the concrete piles will help to drive the water away.

Does This Bore Dr Temple?

It seems to us a great pity that it should have been stated that the Archbishop of Canterbury is "bored stiff" by Milton, but in any case we do not believe it. It is true that we may all be bored stiff by some parts of Shakespeare, or Wordsworth, or Dickens, or even the Psalms, but that is an entirely wrong way to judge any writer or any books. What Dr Temple means, no doubt, is that there are parts of Milton that bore him, but we will not hesitate to assert that the Primate is not bored stiff by this from Milton, among the opening lines of *Paradise Lost*:

O SPIRIT, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st,
... what is low raise and support;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Or these lines describing the triumphant death of Samson:

NOTHING is here for tears,
nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Or the sonnet on Cromwell, our Chief of Men, with the fine line that

Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War.

Or the lines on his own blindness, ending,

They also serve, who only stand and wait.

Or that fine prayer for the British Empire:

O THOU that didst of thy free grace build up this Britannie empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter islands about her, stay us in this felicity.

Or this lovely passage rebuking the holy do-nothings:

I CANNOT praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

Or this to Parliament:

LOrds and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof you are and whereof ye are the governors—a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and

sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to.

Or the lovely lines beginning: Now came still Evening on, and Twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.

Or the poem on the morning of the Birth of Christ:

It was the winter wild.
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to Him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise...

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

Or, to end our quotations of the things we are sure will not bore Dr Temple, what of this ringing passage from the *Areopagitica*, which never bored any Englishman?

METHINKS I see in my mind, a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means.

THE RISING TIDE

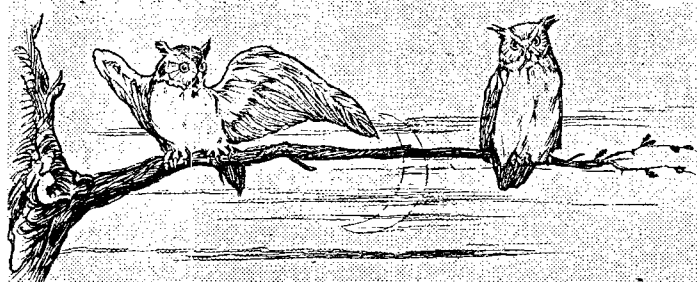
READING the fine tributes of the American papers to Mr. Churchill as a typical Briton who has won the affections of the people of the United States, we were reminded of an incident in the career of Lord Elgin, the Governor-General under whom self-government was given to Canada.

During his office Lord Elgin gave a great banquet at Toronto at which representative men of the United States were among the guests. They expected little of him beyond the fact that he was the head of a famous house which gave Scotland its greatest king in Robert Bruce, but to their astonishment they found that, instead of an aristocratic

figurehead, he was a humane philosopher of noble aims and aspirations, and with the high ability necessary to giving effect to his endeavours.

In the course of Lord Elgin's speech one of the Americans leaned across and said to his fellows: "He ought to be on our side of the frontier; we would make him mayor of our city." A little later this enthusiast corrected himself: "We'd make him Governor of the State," he said. As the speech reached its highest pitch of eloquence, so the commentator grew warmer, till at last he was constrained to exclaim: "By heaven, if he were on our side of the border we'd make him President!"

BEDTIME CORNER



To Careless Talkers

A WISE old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw, the less he spoke,
The less he spoke, the more he heard.
Why can't we be like that old bird?

THE RAT AND THE CAMEL

A CAMEL that was wandering near a village met a rat.
"O, camel," said the rat, "let us be friends."
"Pooh!" answered the camel. "I do not want such an insignificant friend as you. Begone with you."

Later the same day the camel was biting leaves from the branches of a tree when his nose-string caught and, try as he would, he could not release himself. He was despairing, when the rat came up, and said:

"Ah, camel, I will now show you that I can be a true and useful friend." And, climbing the tree, he ran out on the branch and gnawed through the entangled string, thus releasing the camel, who from that time saw how foolish it was to despise anyone, however humble, who was willing to be a friend.

Is This Your Name?

A WELL-KNOWN girl's name will be formed when the following letters are properly rearranged: VELIO

PRAYER

Oh Lord forgive me all my forgetfulness, all my unkindness, and fill me with love of father, mother, and friends, that my life may be a blessing to those about me, and helpful in my home. For Jesu's sake. Amen.

The Children's Newspaper, August 1, 1942

The Spade & Shovel Army

KHAMA'S FOLK IN THE MIDDLE EAST

SOMEWHERE behind our heroic armies in Egypt and the Middle East is another army. It does not fight; it works. It digs and builds, excavates and constructs. It makes roads and prepares trenches. Without it the guns and tanks could not fight.

Most of the men of this little-known army are not white men; they are black, and come from homes far south in the great African continent. They come from the sandy bush country of Bechuanaland, and their chief is the splendid young man Chief Tshekedi, who follows in the footsteps of his great predecessor King Khama.

When the war came to the Middle East the call for men went out to the lonely cattle posts and villages of Bechuanaland. It was a call from the great king over the water to whom the Bechuana people are devotedly attached. There was no doubt about the loyal answer that would be given.

Away From Home

So thousands of the Bechuana young men began to answer the call. They flocked into Chief Tshekedi's capital town of Serowe for enrolment, and ten thousand were formed into the African Auxiliary Pioneer Corps.

They were strong men, capable of hard work and long fatigue, but they were going away from home for the first time, and, like children, they began to be a bit frightened. Who would look after them? Where would their home be? What sort of people would they see? To help them in this perplexity the Government asked the London Missionary Society to send one of its missionaries with them, and the LMS sent Mr Alex Sandilands, who can speak the Bechuana language and knows their homes and customs. With him went two Africans as assistant chaplains.

The long journey by land and sea brought the men to the cradle of the Christian faith, and there for many months they have been supporting the Middle East armies by their work.

Their bright, laughing faces and their friendly ways have pleased the British Army immensely. One officer said, "These men can throw a shovel of earth twice as far as any other worker I have seen." They have cheerfully

gone out in all weathers, and love to work in competing gangs to see which gang can shift a hill-side first.

"For a day and a half," says Mr Sandilands, "I made a trip to see another company of our Bechuana men, some distance away, on quite another piece of work. Like the other companies, they have had hard conditions to put up with, and have stood it all in the most astonishing manner; their sickness rate has been lower than that of many white troops, in spite of the fact that they come from a pretty warm part of Africa and have never seen snow before. Soaking-wet boots to put on every morning, small tents that have been blown away over their heads in the night, mud nearly everywhere, no gloves for handling cold wet metal at the dump when loading and unloading trucks, rain or no rain—they have done well. Food and clothes and blankets have fortunately been very good, and have made up somewhat for an entire lack of comfort in most directions. Their relations with the white troops have been good."

Generous Workers

But they are far away from their home and look anxiously for news of it, and as most of their people cannot write letters Mr Sandilands and his assistants have to give them news of home in other ways, and to send messages to those primitive African huts where the absent "man of the family" is often thought of. Some do get letters addressed in all kinds of queer ways. Sometimes it is nothing more than a Christian name on an envelope, "Lobotso, Africa Corps," or "My Master," and these letters have to be carried round the camps until someone answers to the description.

The men are generous in sending home their earnings, and many an African home is richer today than before the war because of the money coming from a father or son away in the lands behind the Middle East armies.

AN OLD SCRAP OF PAPER TURNS UP

In the ruins of the Fountain Hotel, gutted during the raid on Canterbury, has been found a bottle containing a parchment written when a part of the hotel was rebuilt in 1702. It records that the brick front was begun in the second year of the reign of Queen Anne and that the old timber front was pulled down on March 8 in that year; and it gives a list of the men who carried out the work, including the brick-maker.

The document ends with a statement that the "end near St Margaret's church hath above 30 green elm piles drove down to secure the foundation, it being bad."

The Fountain, known to famous men and women for centuries, has gone. We wonder what thoughts would run through the minds of the men who placed this parchment in its sturdy walls. They may have discussed the circumstances under which it would be found, but they could hardly have dreamed that the destruction of the wall they built with such great care would be due to the vandalism of assassins from the air.

PADRES OF THE ISLES

The padre in the Services is usually a much-respected man, as he should be.

In the scattered islands which make up our homeland there are many lonely service men on guard, and they look forward eagerly to the visit of the padre. He is a link with the outside world. For instance, the R.A.F. has many units widely dispersed throughout the Shetlands, and ministering to the men are two padres, one Church of England and one for other denominations.

Visiting their charges is no easy matter, and every week these padres travel about 300 miles by lorry, motor-boat, and aeroplane to take religious instruction, comforts, and the personal touch to hundreds of isolated airmen.

There is no special car for this work and it is necessary to arrange transport in a rations lorry, or in a launch taking aircraft spares. One padre found the only way of getting to a remote wireless post was by riding in a lorry full of livestock!

But however difficult the journeys, the padres are amply rewarded by the warmth of their welcome.

FAITH

"These parachutes are wrapped with the greatest care," said the instructor, addressing a number of airmen. "In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we can guarantee that they will open within twenty seconds. But if one of you happens to get a parachute that fails to open, just bring it back and we will give you a new one."

There was a laugh at this.

"You see," concluded the instructor, a philosopher as well as a humorist, "jumping from a plane is like religion. You can talk about it and read about it and even think about it, but you never know if it is really sound till you try it."

From China's Mountains to the New York Zoo

ALL the world has fallen in love with the furry white-faced and black-eyed animal the Panda. Recently two baby pandas have arrived in America from Madame Chiang Kai-shek as a token of her appreciation of all that America has done for China.

Dr David Graham has been telling friends how these baby pandas, now entertaining thousands of visitors in the New York Zoo, were caught in the wilds of Western Szechwan, where they lived 7000 feet up in the mountains.

The panda has powerful teeth, but is a vegetarian, and usually eats nothing but bamboo. It is the hard bamboo it eats, chewing it into small pieces and swallowing them. Its digestive organs must be made of iron!

When the hunters go into the mountains they take no bedding, no food but corn, meal, and salt, no umbrellas or rain clothing. With their dogs and their guns they hunt until it is dark in the wild, uninhabited forests on the steep mountain sides.

If they happen to find a natural cave or shelter they sleep there for the night; if not they construct a shelter out of branches or sleep in the open. Sometimes hunters are wounded and sometimes they are killed during a hunt.

"I took plenty of bedding," says Dr Graham, "but no food, for I planned to live off the land. We got in touch with the two

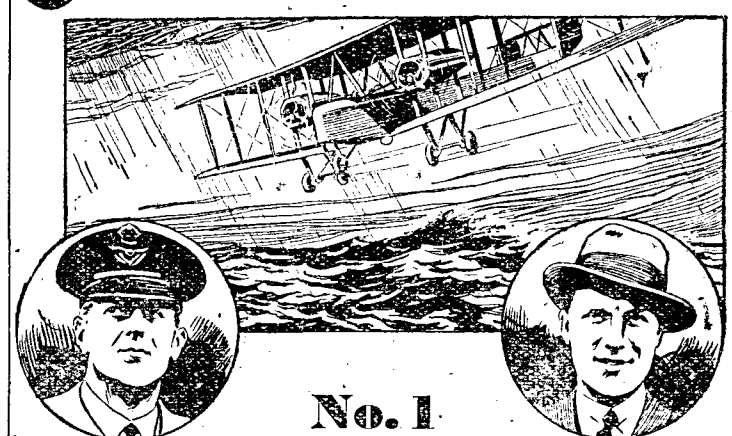
bands of hunters who had been working during the summer and offered them a big financial reward for success, urging them to redouble their efforts to capture a live panda."

One day Den Wei-han and Dr Graham went to the natural centre of a great panda region. On the way they crossed the Min River on a rope bridge consisting of 17 bamboo cables, nine underneath and four on each side, and on another bridge consisting of a single bamboo cable.

They engaged five other groups of hunters and sent them into the mountains; and it should be emphasised that these hunters left their farm work at a very busy time and received no wages for their labours. They were simply offered rewards if they should capture live pandas. More than seventy hunters and forty dogs were at work in seven regions; probably the biggest panda hunt ever organised.

While the hunters were searching, Dr Graham heard of a captive panda and purchased it; it is a female. Shortly afterwards the hunters captured a second live panda, a male. It is these two that are now in America.

SALUTE TO BRAVE BRITONS



No. 1

Captain Alcock and Lt. Brown

The first men to fly the Atlantic direct

NEXT WEEK'S CHILDREN'S HOUR

THE BBC Children's Hour will open at 5.20 on Sunday with Phyllis Kelway's story The Flying Squirrel, told by Mac; then Cyril Taylor will be singing with a choir of boys and girls, conducted by H J Colson, followed by a talk by Dom Bernard Clements.

Monday is Bank Holiday, and at 5.20 Mabel Constanduros will show us how the Buggins family enjoy the fun of the fair. We shall also hear something about Cycling Holidays and Holidays at Home.

At 5.30 on Tuesday Romany will tell us of some adventures among birds and animals.

A group of young singers and musicians will entertain at 5.20 on Wednesday. John Penny and Betty Hardy will sing, Robert Merville will play the piano accordion, and Mary Mitchison will play the cello.

Younger listeners are to have ten minutes of a Nursery Sing-Song, with Doris and Nan, beginning at 5.20 on Thursday; and at 5.30 The Circus Arrives, being the second part of Sampson's Circus, by Howard Spring.

Kathleen will present the Scottish edition of The Children's Magazine at 5.20 on Friday; and Joseph MacLeod will introduce the third in the series of Songs of the Isles and Their Story—Lewis.

Not strictly Children's Hour but a programme boys and girls will enjoy will be heard at 11 a.m. on Saturday, August 8. This is the Children's Singing Festival at the Eisteddfod, when a choir of several hundreds will be singing some well-known tunes. The Revd Nantlais Williams will be presiding over this gathering in Bethania Chapel, Cardigan.

At 5.20 in a play, Weaver of Words, by Tudor Watkins, we shall hear the story of how the words and music of the Welsh National Anthem came to be composed by two Pontypridd weavers.



On a sunny morning in mid-June, one year after the Great War ended, two young Air Force officers stepped out of a plane in the middle of a field in County Galway on the west coast of Ireland. They had just completed the most adventurous flight in history, something that no men in the whole world had ever done before—flown nearly 2,000 miles across the watery wastes of the Atlantic Ocean in just over 15 hours.

Their plane was a Vickers-Vimy, powered with two Rolls-Royce Eagle engines (perhaps you've seen it at the Science Museum in South Kensington).

And here's an interesting fact. Fry's Chocolate was the chief solid food they ate on their journey. There's proof (if you've ever needed any!) that Fry's Chocolate is just solid nourishment in a delightful form.

Presented by **FRY'S** whose famous CHOCOLATE AND COCOA have sustained many brave men in their hazardous quests

8

HUMAN RACE

AN Irishman was asked if he were older than his brother. "Well, yes," he replied, "but if my brother lives another five years he will be as old as me."

Proverbs About Honesty

HONESTY is the best policy. A nod of an honest man is enough. Honest men fear neither the light nor the dark. An honest man's word is as good as his bond.

Wordsworth's 38 Animals

Wordsworth, who mentions 60 birds and 46 plants in his poems, mentions 38 animals. Here are their names:

Ass, bat, bear, cat, chamois, coit, cow, deer, doe, dog, dragon, dormouse, emmet, fawn, fox. Goat, hare, hart, heifer, horse, kitten, lamb, leveret, lion, mastiff, mole, monkey, mouse. Otter, ox, panther, pony, rabbit, roe, sheep, squirrel, stag, wolf.

Jacko's Luck



JACKO, who was squatting at the end of the jetty, dangling his line, was having wonderful luck. One after the other he laid the fish down on the boards behind him. "Coo!" he chuckled. "Won't the Mater be pleased when she sees what I'm bringing her." But it wasn't the Jackos who had a fine dinner that day, but a family of seagulls, who swooped down on Jacko's catch and flew off with it.

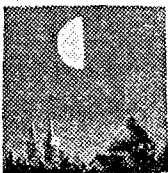
THE BRAN TUB

Bigot

JERRY had had his first term at boarding-school and while he was on holiday his uncle visited the family. "Hallo, Jerry!" said Uncle. "How do you like your Form Master?" "He's not too bad, Uncle," replied Jerry. "Rather bigoted, though." "How so?" "He will insist that words can only be spelled his way."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening no planets are visible; in the morning Venus, Saturn and Jupiter are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at half-past seven on Tuesday morning, August 4.



PRINCE OF BORES

IF shameless, selfish rudeness were A virtue, not a sin, And someone gave a prize for it I knew what chap would win. He comes to parties quite unasked, Unwelcome and de trop. And even after sundry hints The ruffian will not go.

He pries in other folks' affairs; He bores us with his own. For hours unwillingly we hear His long and dreary drone.

He "just drops in" when we're at work And stays till we could cry. O, do buzz off, you prince of bores, You big bluebottle fly!

Do You Know Me?

I AM a duty both useful and necessary; I am esteemed a great virtue, but few possess me; I am found in the humble as well as in the higher circles of life, and am often exhausted and as often renewed.

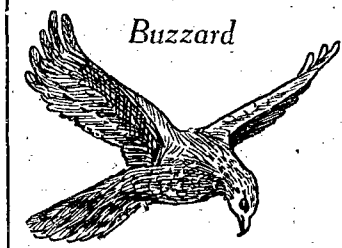
By me our sufferings are rendered lighter and our trials are softened. I give to the mind contentment and to the conscience ease, to the afflicted hope, and to the mournful consolation. Solve this, and doubtless you will have possessed me.

Do You Live at Twickenham? The name was formerly spelt Twiccenham, and probably means the home of Twica. It may, however, be from the Old English twicen, meaning a place where two roads meet.

Dry

SNEERED a Camel who'd reached an oasis, "Not a spring to be found in this place is. When the weather is hot Such a waterless spot To Sahara a perfect disgrace is!"

FRIEND OR FOE?



THIS large and noble bird of prey has become much more common of recent years, and is spreading from the North and West. If it were encouraged still further, instead of being persecuted where game is preserved, it would become a valuable ally to man, as its food consists almost entirely of rabbits, rats, mice, voles, and large insects. One specimen examined had its crop full of earwigs, while another was stuffed with cockchafer. In one day a pair of buzzards have been observed to bring more than twenty rats to their young.

How Penn Wrote His Name WILLIAM PENN, born in London in 1644, became a Quaker while studying at Oxford. He helped to establish a Quaker colony in America, and founded

William Penn

the state of Pennsylvania, in which freedom of worship was allowed. He died in 1718 and is buried at Jordans in Bucks.

The Children's Newspaper, August 1, 1942

DANGER ZONE

AN old lady lived in a cottage that stood exactly on the boundary between two counties, and for a long time it was uncertain which county she really lived in.

One day an official called on her and said it had been decided which county she belonged to. "I'm so glad of that," said the old lady. "I have always heard that Blankshire has such an unhealthy climate."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Hidden Birds Wren, crane, robin, eagle, owl. Arithmetic Word. COMIC. (C = 100, M = 1000 in Roman numerals.)

DIET EMIR
ENNAIVE O
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SEW TWO
SALON LUG
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I FARES A
DEAN THOR

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inqueduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inqueduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.

THE INQUEDUCT HOLDS THE INK. High-class stationers stock — or particulars can be obtained from Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., on application.

Gillott's Pens
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD., VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

Walters' **Palm** Toffee
Control price 5^d PER QUARTER
DELIGHTS • STRENGTHENS • SUSTAINS

BUSINESS NOT AS USUAL

Boy. Please tell me, have we as a nation ever before interfered in business as we are doing now? I see that the Board of Trade has ordered that certain articles of comfort and luxury are no longer to be made, and that the making of many articles of quite common use is only to be allowed under license.

Man. No, we have never before gone to such lengths in cutting down peace trades to make room for war trades. In fact, when the last war began we often heard it said that business men should get on with business as usual. You will gather from that how very different our ideas have become since the last war began.

Boy. But wasn't there a good deal of common sense in believing that, while the soldiers fought, the business men should do their best to keep the country together and to help pay for the war?

Man. The answer to that is that the nature of war and its scope have changed greatly since it was thought right that in war business should be as usual. We had to learn from bitter experience that when a war calls for the employment of the nation's entire resources, we have to put aside ordinary business and

organise all our people and all our trade to win victory out of deadly circumstance. We have either to make business not as usual or face a defeat which would bring ruin on the nation.

Boy. But if this cutting down of luxuries was so very necessary, why was it not done before?

Man. Why, indeed? The answer to that question is a simple one. When wars are begun it is usually in the belief that they are going to be easily won. So it was with the French in 1870, when they imagined they would be in Berlin in a month or two. So it was, again, with ourselves and with the French in 1914, when millions believed that Christmas would see the end of a war which lasted until nearly the end of 1918. And so, again, it was in September, 1939, when so many people believed it was only necessary to sit down behind the Maginot Line and wait for Germany to starve herself to death. Today there are still people who delude themselves with the notion that by some clever stroke we can finish off the war in a month or two. Fortunately, the Government knows better—that victory can be achieved, but only by the sacrifice

The Boy Talks With the Man

of business as usual, by the reduction of ordinary trade to purely useful purposes, and the devotion of the greater part of labour to war purposes.

Boy. What does it all amount to, this new attack on comfort and luxury?

Man. It means the release of an army of workers to increase the production of weapons of war; it frees ships to carry soldiers and munitions to many fields of war; it enables us to devote fuel to manufacturing for war purposes.

The last item I grant you need never have arisen, for we have plenty of coal dispersed conveniently about our land, but, as things are, there is nothing for it but to measure up our men and our fuel and economise the use of coal, coke, electricity, and gas.

Boy. I suppose it means much consideration and labour before we can settle what to do and what not to do?

Man. That is so. Do not believe that the officials concerned are men hungry to make us all uncomfortable. Each item is being carefully surveyed, that the best use may be made of life and labour.



Mother! Give Constipated Child 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative, and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and stimulates the liver and bowels without cramp-

ing or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'